

THE GETTYSBURG TIMES.

Vol. XI No. 20

Gettysburg, Pa Saturday November 9 1912

Price Two Cents

New French Caps

New Roll Collar Sweaters

New Cloth Hats

A Complete Line of each of these winter necessities.
See our corner window.

ECKERT'S STORE

"On The Square" Since 1885.

WIZARD THEATRE

Tonight--"The Banker, the Thief and the Girl"

The Pickerts farewell night. Get your tickets in advance at the People's Drug Store. Prices 10c 20c and 30c doors open 7:30. Curtain 8:20.

Tuesday, November 12, MERLE H. NORTON offers

Henry Miller's Savoy Theatre New York Success

The SERVANT in the HOUSE

By Charles Rann Kennedy

1 year in New York 1 year in London 3 months in Chicago

With Victor E. Lambert and a clever cast of players.

"The Most Remarkable Play in the English Language."—Harper's Magazine.

"The Most Beautiful Play of All Ages."—Chicago Daily News.

Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Seats on sale at People's Drug Store.

Wednesday, November 13th—The BELMAR FEATURE FILM COMPANY, featuring the "Angel of the Trail" Don't fail to see the free exhibition in front of the theatre afternoon and evening. Admission only 10c.

The—Quality—Shop

LADIES—Before buying your winter Suit or Coat, come and look over our large and varied assortment of samples. We have the latest fashion plates, and they are at your disposal. Your Suit will be made according to any style you desire. Prices are moderate.

Before storing your summer clothes away for the winter, let us have them cleaned at Footers Dye and Cleaning Works, Cumberland, Md. America's best and most complete Dye and Cleaning Works.

Will M. Seligman.

Tailor

Haberdasher

NEW PHOTOPLAY

Biograph

Vitagraph

Selig

THE INNER CIRCLE—Biograph

A reflex of an ominous condition existing in this and other countries founded upon fact.

RUNNY AND THE DOGS—Vitagraph Comedy

Bunny wants to buy a dog but gets terribly frightened when taken among a whole bunch of them.

INGENUITY—Vitagraph

Two children build up business in a strange manner for their grandfather, who is sick. With Kenneth Casey and Adele De Gards in the leading parts.

A MESSENGER TO KEARNEY—Selig

A thrilling story of the tumultuous days of Fremont's California Expedition. This is a time just preceding the conquest of the Golden State by the Americans, and while Fremont is there word is received that war is on, and he takes part in some of it.

SHOW STARTS AT 6:30.

"Lippy's Clothes Look Good to Me"

That's what every man who sees them says.

Men can't help admiring the handsome patterns, the good lines, the clean cut and snappy appearance that distinguish

LIPPY MADE CLOTHES.

J. D. LIPPY,
TAILOR.

IMITATION Buffalo Robes for automobiles and carriages, wind, water and moth-proof.

These robes have no equal for wear and comfort.

Now is the time to buy them for now is the time you need them.

Gettysburg - Department - Store

LADIES

Have you seen the handsome Weekly Premiums

to be given away in our Piano Contest beginning next week, November 13th. The lady bringing in the most votes for the week ending that day gets prize for the week no matter what her standing is in the main contest.

Votes and Green Trading Stamps with every purchase.

People's Drug Store

S P E C I A L

Men's \$2.50 corduroy trousers, lined and unlined, light and dark colors, special \$1.98
Men's \$3.50 best linen corduroy trousers, special \$2.48
65c men's heavy ribbed underwear, special 44c.
\$5 boys blue serge suits with full peg knickerbocker trousers, special \$3.90.

Try a pair of Crawford shoes. You will find the best shoe in the market.

LEWIS E. KIRSSIN.

TWO INJURED IN ACCIDENTS

Railroad Brakeman Loses Foot at New Oxford. Son of Jefferson Cassat Near Town, Shoots off his Toe.

I. R. Hartman, of York, a freight brakeman on the Western Maryland railroad met with a serious accident on Friday morning at New Oxford, which resulted in the loss of his left foot.

In an attempt to get on another car, while the train was in motion, his hold slipped, and he fell between the two cars. One wheel passed over the ankle of the left leg, crushing that member.

He was taken to Hanover, accompanied by Dr. J. L. Sheetz, of New Oxford, who gave preliminary treatment and afterwards taken to the York hospital, where his foot was amputated above the ankle.

Mr. Hartman is a single man, about 28 years of age.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town shot, off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

BIG AUTO DAMAGED

Harry Stahler's Large Automobile Damaged Near York.

Two wheels of the large American automobile of Harry E. Stahler of Lebanon, were broken off a short distance the other side of York Friday evening when his driver was endeavoring to avoid running into several confused bicyclists who were on both sides of the road. The wheels on the one side were broken when they ran against a trolley track, said to be several inches higher than the level of the road. No one was hurt. The car was towed into York about midnight. Mr. Stahler was on his way to Gettysburg to attend the Delaware foot ball game. His car, painted orange and blue, is almost always on hand at all college athletic events.

MEADE STATUE

Still Contending for Additional Appropriation for Statue.

A committee of the Grand Army of the Republic of Pennsylvania, called upon Governor Tener Thursday for the purpose of securing an additional appropriation of \$10,000 for the completion of the statue of Gen. George Meade, now being erected in Washington. Governor Tener favored the proposition that the State bear the entire expense of erecting a statue of the only Pennsylvanian commanding an army corps in the Civil War who had not been honored with a shaft in the national capital, and promised to recommend in his next message that the Legislature appropriate \$10,000 for the completion of the statue, and \$5,000 for additional expense.

MAY RESUME

Holly Paper Mills are Sold and Work May be Resumed.

The Mt. Holly Paper Company mills at Mt. Holly Springs, have been sold to E. M. Biddle, Esq., who purchased them for \$25,000 representing the bond holders. There is a rumor that the mills will be operated but when and by whom is not known. There is also a report to the effect that the mills will be torn down of the present machinery and be modernly equipped, put in such shape as to give the mills facilities for making paper of such character not manufactured in them before.

GARRETT—REIGLE

Fern M. Garret, son of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Garret, and Miss Annie E. Reigle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reigle, of Union Township, were married Tuesday evening, Nov. 5th, at Christ Reformed church parsonage, Littlestown, by Rev. F. S. Lindaman, D. D.

ATTENTION church societies. It may interest church, and other societies, to know that money can be made by saving old papers, magazines, etc. If members will send what they may have to the society's rooms, or some other designated place, so that a fair size quantity may accumulate at one point, one shipment may be made to Schmidt & Ault Paper Co., York, Pa., who will pay the highest cash price for same. Write or telephone for particulars.

WE have the agency for Footer's dye and cleaning works, Cumberland, Md. Will Seligman's. —Advertisement.

HORSE SHOES: we have a job lot of horse shoes that we will sacrifice. Adams County Hardware Co. —Advertisement.

CHARL OPEN—for the Biglerville Lecture Course at Thomas Bros. Store Reserved seat tickets 25 cents. Lecture, Dr. C. C. Ellis, on "Abraham Lincoln", Saturday evening, Nov. 16. Advertisement.

STATE TO BRING VETERANS HERE

Pennsylvania after Long Delay, will Announce Free Transportation to Veterans Attending Battle Anniversary.

Civil War veterans in Pennsylvania will be greatly relieved when it is known that Governor Tener will soon issue a proclamation in which he will invite those old soldiers, now residing in the state, whom he desires to be the guests of the state at the fiftieth battle anniversary celebration, next year. They will be given free transportation from their homes to Gettysburg and return.

For months this matter has been hanging fire but at a recent meeting of the Battle Anniversary Commission and Governor Tener it was arranged that the above action be made known and those veterans who are justly entitled to be the guests of the state, so far as transportation is concerned, will be paid. The War Department will take care of them after they get here. Officials will be appointed to arrange all the details as to who are eligible and distribute the transportation.

The question of caring for the veterans once they get here is occupying much time and receiving much thought from those in charge of affairs. A number of the old soldiers do not relish the thought of the exposure incident to camp life and are endeavoring to secure accommodations in the town. This, as was to be expected, is found very difficult.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The question of caring for the veterans once they get here is occupying much time and receiving much thought from those in charge of affairs. A number of the old soldiers do not relish the thought of the exposure incident to camp life and are endeavoring to secure accommodations in the town. This, as was to be expected, is found very difficult.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe, next to the little toe, almost as nicely as though it had been amputated by a surgeon. Dr. H. M. Hartman dressed the wound and the boy was later taken to the hospital at York in order that special precautions might be employed to guard against tetanus.

The fourteen year old son of Jefferson Cassatt, living a short distance north of town, shot off one of his toes while hunting a rabbit near his home. The rabbit was in a wood pile and the boy must have had the barrel of the gun resting on his foot for when it discharged it severed the toe



WILSON AND MANAGER.

Snapshot of President-Elect and
William F. McCombs.



© 1912, by American Press Association
Mr. McCombs is on the left, with Governor Wilson standing partly below him on the step and with his hand affectionately placed around his companion's shoulder. It was at Princeton, where the national Democratic chairman visited him in person and talk over immediate plans.

JOHNSON'S BAIL BAD; SENT TO JAIL

His Bondsman For \$30,000
Unsatisfactory.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—Jack Johnson, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, occupies a cell in the county jail, due to his failure to furnish a \$30,000 bond satisfactory to the court for his release on a charge of violat-

ing the Mann white act.

Previously Johnson had spent number of hours in the company of United States marshal while friend sought in vain to secure bond satisfactory to the court.

Unusual precautions were taken by the United States attorney in examining the signatures on Johnson's proffered bond when Judge Landis was asked to accept it.

Besides Mrs. Tiny Johnson, the pugilist's mother, there appeared the names of Albert C. Jones and Tony May. May said that he was to get \$300 for appearing as bondsman, so when he admitted that he already was on a number of municipal court bonds Judge Landis refused to accept him.

Albert C. Jones, who attempted to qualify a son of the pugilist's bondsmen, was held in \$10,000 bail on a charge of perjury after it had been shown that he had scheduled property which under the name of "A. Charlie Jones" he previously had deeded to his wife.

Catherine Dorsey, at whose home the young white girl, Lucille Cameron, lived for several weeks, was arrested. She had been hiding in a barn for three weeks. She was held under a \$5000 bond as a witness in the Johnson case and also was remanded to the marshal's custody.

United States Attorney Wilkerson said that the federal investigation of Johnson's relations with white women had "only begun."

NEGRO SLAYER A SUICIDE

Mystery Surrounds Double Tragedy In Schenectady, N. Y.

Schenectady, N. Y., Nov. 9.—A negro known as "Sandy" Williams, supposed to be from Canton, O., and said to be known in Philadelphia as "Damon Dick," enticed Louis Desale, a young white man, eighteen years old, into a cold storage room of the Wellington cafe, this city, and killed him with a pistol shot.

Williams also shot and killed himself. There is no known reason for the crime.

Was Insured For \$102,000.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 9.—Cornelius Brierly, a prominent business man of Homestead, who was killed by a railroad train Wednesday night at Claysville, carried \$192,000 worth of life insurance, payable to his wife and to his parents.



The Table Scene from the New York Success
"The Servant In The House"

Wizard Theatre, Tuesday, Nov. 12. Prices \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c

WOMAN SLAIN AND HOME FIRED

Mrs. Laura Rayne Found Dying Near Blaze.

VISITOR ACCUSED OF CRIME

Man Seen Coming From Direction of Farm Shortly Before Fire Was Discovered, Is Held.

Salisbury, Md., Nov. 9.—The Rayne farm house, about one mile from Powellsburg, Md., a small village in the eastern part of Wicomico county, was the scene of a murder, when some one entered the building and crushed in the skull of Mrs. Laura Rayne, the lone occupant of the house, and then, in the hope of hiding the crime, set fire to the dwelling.

Benjamin T. Davis, a resident of Powellsburg, has been arrested and charged with the crime.

About five o'clock in the morning smoke was seen pouring from the windows of the Rayne home by neighbors, and upon reaching the house they found a pile of wood in the center of the kitchen, which had been saturated with kerosene and then ignited. Near the burning mass was the form of Mrs. Rayne, apparently dead, with the top of her skull crushed in.

When the neighbors attempted to move the body they found Mrs. Rayne was still alive and she managed to say "Don't." Medical aid was quickly summoned, but when Dr. Lawrence Freeny, of Pittsville, arrived he pronounced her dead.

A short time prior to the discovery of the smoke coming from the Rayne house, Davis, who is now under arrest, was seen coming from the direction of the Rayne home, with a gun under his arm. Suspicion quickly pointed to him. It was alleged that he caused the separation of Mrs. Rayne and her husband some months ago, and has since been a frequent visitor at the house. Warrants were sworn out for his arrest.

After some searching by Sheriff Smith, Davis was discovered at Wilmot, a small town about six miles from the scene of the murder. He was arrested, and on being arraigned he pleaded not guilty. He was held under \$3000 bail for court.

Mrs. Rayne, the murdered woman, was about forty years old, and had been married twice. About six years ago she married Lemuel Rayne, a prosperous farmer, with whom she lived until two months ago, when the couple separated. Her first husband was Noah Clark, of Wicomico county.

Davis is a widower and has been engaged in the mercantile business near Powellsburg. About two years ago he was arrested and convicted of illicit selling of liquor and sentenced to six months in the Maryland penitentiary.

At 10:30 they came out together, took a rolling chair and went up the Boardwalk to a cafe, where they stayed until about 12:30. Then they strolled back to the hotel and went up in the elevator together. They regaled themselves, getting a room next to that occupied by them and then called up Mr. Kane, who came down to the hotel. He came up to our room. We could hear "Rube" and Mrs. Kane chatting away next door.

"We hurried into the hall, and, making sure there was no way of escape except by the door, we attacked and rushed the door. For five minutes we shouldered it and it finally gave way."

Here the husband broke in on the detective's narrative. "When the door was in and I was the first to get inside they were not in sight. I looked under the bed. Huddled far back against the wall on the far side was Mrs. Kane. A sound attracted me to ward the closet.

"Jumping across the room, I pulled the door open. There was 'Rube' back in the corner, shaking like an aspen leaf. He was trying to hide behind an overcoat. 'Come out, you big coward,' I demanded. He refused to bud, so the officers dragged him out. There he stood in the center of the room, trembling, his face ashen, unable to speak; back of him, under the bed, protruded the frightened face of my wife."

Then Kane and his detectives left the room, preparatory to arranging for the arrest of the two. When they returned the room was empty. "Rube" and Mrs. Kane having disappeared from the hotel by means of the fire escape and a waiting taxicab, in which they hurried away.

Drowns in Delirium.
Highlands, N. J., Nov. 9.—In a delirious fancy that he heard again the cries of a boy whom he rescued from the Shrewsbury river recently, Felix Felford broke from his sick bed and plunged into the stream. His body was found near the spot where he had made the rescue. Felford's delirium came with pneumonia which he contracted in saving the boy's life.

Hatpin Deadly Weapon.
Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 9.—That the hatpin is a deadly weapon was the ruling of Recorder Keffer. He imposed a fine of \$2.50 on Mary Clark, who drew one on Samuel Clark, her husband, and threatened to use it. "Hatpins are very dangerous, more so than some revolvers," said the recorder, without a smile.

High Jump to Pay Best.
Woodbury, N. J., Nov. 9.—Thomas Taylor, a negro, bet on Taft. He said he'd jump off the roof of a house if the president lost the election. He jumped. He will live.

EYES
examined carefully at Myer's Jewelry Store every Tuesday at your home if you drop me a card.
W. H. DINKLE, Graduate of Optics
Advertisement.

FOR SALE: one heavy draft horse.
S. G. Bigham, Biglerville, Pa.—advertisment.

IRATE HUSBAND SEEKS MARQUARD

Trap Star Pitcher and Actress in Atlantic City.

WARRANTS CUT FOR TWO

While Husband and Detectives Were Waiting to Make Arrests They Escaped Down Fire Escape.

Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 9.—"Rube" Marquard, star twirler of the New York Giants, and Mrs. Joseph Kane, known on the stage as Blossom Seeley, are being sought by detectives, warrants having been sworn out for them by Mrs. Kane's husband. Both are accused of serious offenses.

The warrants were issued by Magistrate Jagmetty after a lively scene in one of the big beach front hotels. The husband of the woman and his detectives declare they caught the "Rube" and Mrs. Kane together, but that they escaped down a fire escape by means of a ruse.

Kane says that he booked the pair in an act known as "The Nineteenth Straight," or, "Breaking the World's Record," a skit based on Rube's pitching during the past season. The irate husband displayed a contract by which Marquard and Blossom were to receive \$1500 a week. For arranging their booking Kane was to receive \$100 a week.

"I was tipped off by friends that it was not a business proposition that was keeping them together," the husband declared. Getting word from Atlantic City that Rube and Blossom Seeley were at the shore, Kane hurried to Philadelphia, got his detectives and then came to Atlantic City. The two detectives went out on the Boardwalk and scouted around in one direction, while Kane went in another. The detectives in affidavits sworn to before Magistrate Jagmetty describe their movement from then on. Hanging around the hotel they managed to get a glimpse of the register. "We discovered that on Nov. 4 'Rube' Marquard and wife had registered." This was in Marquard's handwriting, the detectives say.

"About 8 o'clock Marquard and Mrs. Kane appeared coming down in the elevator from a swell suite on the first floor overlooking the ocean. We followed them down the walk to the Apollo theater and then waited in the back of the theater, watching them. They were certainly a loving couple, keeping huddled close up to one another in their orchestra seats.

"At 10:30 they came out together, took a rolling chair and went up the Boardwalk to a cafe, where they stayed until about 12:30. Then they strolled back to the hotel and went up in the elevator together. We regaled ourselves, getting a room next to that occupied by them and then called up Mr. Kane, who came down to the hotel. He came up to our room. We could hear 'Rube' and Mrs. Kane chatting away next door.

"We hurried into the hall, and, making sure there was no way of escape except by the door, we attacked and rushed the door. For five minutes we shouldered it and it finally gave way."

Here the husband broke in on the detective's narrative. "When the door was in and I was the first to get inside they were not in sight. I looked under the bed. Huddled far back against the wall on the far side was Mrs. Kane. A sound attracted me to ward the closet.

"Jumping across the room, I pulled the door open. There was 'Rube' back in the corner, shaking like an aspen leaf. He was trying to hide behind an overcoat. 'Come out, you big coward,' I demanded. He refused to bud, so the officers dragged him out. There he stood in the center of the room, trembling, his face ashen, unable to speak; back of him, under the bed, protruded the frightened face of my wife."

Then Kane and his detectives left the room, preparatory to arranging for the arrest of the two. When they returned the room was empty. "Rube" and Mrs. Kane having disappeared from the hotel by means of the fire escape and a waiting taxicab, in which they hurried away.

Drowns in Delirium.
Highlands, N. J., Nov. 9.—In a delirious fancy that he heard again the cries of a boy whom he rescued from the Shrewsbury river recently, Felix Felford broke from his sick bed and plunged into the stream. His body was found near the spot where he had made the rescue. Felford's delirium came with pneumonia which he contracted in saving the boy's life.

Hatpin Deadly Weapon.
Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 9.—That the hatpin is a deadly weapon was the ruling of Recorder Keffer. He imposed a fine of \$2.50 on Mary Clark, who drew one on Samuel Clark, her husband, and threatened to use it. "Hatpins are very dangerous, more so than some revolvers," said the recorder, without a smile.

High Jump to Pay Best.
Woodbury, N. J., Nov. 9.—Thomas Taylor, a negro, bet on Taft. He said he'd jump off the roof of a house if the president lost the election. He jumped. He will live.

EYES
examined carefully at Myer's Jewelry Store every Tuesday at your home if you drop me a card.
W. H. DINKLE, Graduate of Optics
Advertisement.

FOR SALE: one heavy draft horse.
S. G. Bigham, Biglerville, Pa.—advertisment.

CORN CROP BREAKS WORLD'S RECORD

Country's Production 3,169,137,000 bushels.

Washington, Nov. 9.—A corn crop of 3,169,137,000 bushels, or 281,921,000 bushels more than the greatest crop of corn ever grown in any country of the world, is the feature of the country's most remarkable agricultural year in history, according to the November crop report of the United States department of agriculture.

This great crop of corn was worth on Nov. 1 to farmers \$1,850,776,000. The acre yield was 21.3 and quality 101.1.

The enormous sum of \$4,171,124,000 represents the farm value on Nov. 1 of the United States crops of corn, hay, wheat, oats, potatoes, barley, flaxseed, rye and buckwheat. With the value of the growing cotton crop and the crops of tobacco, rice and apples, the aggregate value of these principal farm products will amount to well beyond \$5,600,000,000.

Upon the preliminary estimates of production and prices announced, the value of the crops figure out as follows: Corn, \$1,850,776,000; hay, \$854,615,000; wheat, \$65,039,000; oats, \$476,169,000; potatoes, \$188,501,000; barley, \$120,845,000; flaxseed, \$30,635,000; rye, \$24,370,000; buckwheat, \$12,526,000.

Record crops of corn, potatoes, flaxseed, oats, barley, rye and hay were harvested this year. The government's official estimates of the value of the various crops and its final estimates of total production will be announced in December.

City Adopts Single Tax.

Everett, Wash., Nov. 9.—The single tax amendment to the city charter was adopted at Tuesday's election by a vote of 2 to 1. Everett, the fourth city in size in Washington, is the first in the United States to adopt this method of taxation.

GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR quiet; winter clear, \$4@4.25; city mills fancy, \$5.25@5.50.

RYE FLOUR quiet, at \$3.85@ per barrel.

WHEAT quiet; No. 2 red, 97½@98c.

CORN quiet; No. 2 yellow, 68½@70½c.

OATS quiet; No. 2 white, 38½@39c.

PULTRY: Live heavy; hens, 12@14c; old roosters, 11@11½c. Dressed fowl; choice fowls, 17c; old roosters, 16c.

BUTTER steady; fancy creamy, 34½c per lb.

EGGS steady; selected, 39 @ 42c; nearby, 35c; western, 35c.

POTATOES steady; 55@68c bush.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)

Prices at the Gettysburg warehouse, corrected daily by C. Milton Wolf, Jr., successor to J. Geo. Wolf's Son Co.

Per Bu.

New Dry Wheat.....\$1.35

New Ear Corn.....50

Rye.....70

New Oats.....35

RETAIL PRICES

Per 100

Badger Dairy Feed.....\$1.35

Coarse Spring Bran.....1.35

Hand Packed Bran.....1.45

Cotton Seed Meal.....1.65

White Middlings.....1.70

Red Middlings.....1.50

Timothy Hay.....1.85

Rye Chop.....1.75

Baled Straw.....\$7.00 per ton

Cement.....\$1.40 per bush.

Flour.....\$4.80

Western Flour.....6.40

Wheat.....\$1.10

THE VANISHED MILLIONAIRE

"Have you ever heard of a 'priest's hole'?" he whispered. "In the days when Meudon Hall was built, no country house was without its hiding-place. Protestants and priests, Royalists and Republicans, they all used the secret burrow at one time or another."

"How did he get in?"

"That is what we are here to discover; and as I have no wish to destroy Mr. Ford's old oak panels I think our simplest plan will be to wait until he comes back again."

The shadows leapt upon us as Peace extinguished the light he carried. The great window alone was luminous with the faint starlight that showed the tracery of its ancient stonework; for the rest, the darkness hedged us about in impenetrable barriers. Side by side, we stood by the wall in which we knew the secret entrance must exist.

It may have been ten minutes or more when from the distance—somewhere below our feet, or so it seemed to me—there came the faint echo of a closing door. It was only in such cold silence that we could have heard it. The time ticked on. Suddenly, upon the black of the floor, there shone a thin reflection like the slash of a sword—a reflection that grew into

sixty-two feet long by seven broad. Upon a mattress at the further end lay a man, gagged and bound. As the light fell upon his features Ransom sprang forward, shouting his name.

"Silas Ford, by thunder!"

With eager fingers we loosened the gag and cut the ropes that bound his wrists. He sat up, turning his long, thin face from one to the other of us as he stretched the cramp from his limbs.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he. "Well, Ransom, how are things?"

"Bad, sir; but it's not too late."

He nodded his head, passing his hands through his hair with a quick, nervous movement.

"You've caught my clever friend, I see. Kindly go through his pockets, will you? He has something I must ask him to return to me."

We found it in Jackson's pocket-book—a cheque, antedated a week, for five thousand pounds, with covering letter to the manager of the bank. Ford took the bit of stamped paper, twisting it to and fro in his supple fingers.

"It was smart of you, Jackson," he said, addressing the bowed figure before him. "I give you credit for the idea. To kidnap a man just as he was bringing off a big deal—well, you would have earned the money."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That too, it was necessary to discover before I showed my hand."

"Your story of Harbord's midnight excursion supplied a clue. The secretary had evidently followed some man who had disappeared mysteriously. Could there be the entrance to a secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

WITH A SPRING LIKE THE RUSH OF A TERRIER,
ADDINGTON PEACE WAS UPON HIM.



a broad gush of light as the sliding panel in the wall, six feet from where we stood, rose to the full opening. There followed another pause, during which I could see Peace draw himself together as if for some unusual exertion.

A shadow darkened the reflection on the floor, and a head came peering out. The light but half displayed the face, but I could see that the teeth were bare and glistening, like those of a man in some deadly expectation. The next moment he stepped across the threshold.

With a spring like the rush of a terrier, Addington Peace was upon him, driving him off his balance with the impact of the blow. One loud scream he gave that went echoing away into the distant corridors. But, before I could reach them, the little detective had him down, though he still kicked viciously until I lent a hand. The click of the handcuffs on his wrists ended the matter.

It was Ford's valet, the man Jack.

We were not long by ourselves. I heard a quick patter of naked feet from behind us, and Harbord, the secretary, came running up, swinging a heavy stick in his hand. Ransom followed close at his heels. They both stopped at the edge of the patch of light in which we were, staring from the gaping hole in the wall.

"What in thunder are you about?" cried the manager.

"Finding a solution to your problem," said the little detective, getting to his feet. "Perhaps, gentlemen, you will be good enough to follow me."

He stepped through the opening in the wall, and lifted the candle which the valet had placed on the floor whilst he was raising the panel from within. By its light I could see the first steps of a flight which led down into darkness.

"We will take Jackson with us," he continued. "Keep an eye on him, Mr. Phillips, if you please."

It was a strange procession that we made. First Peace, with the candle, then Ransom, with the valet following, while I and Harbord brought up the rear. We descended some thirty steps, formed in the thickness of the wall, opened a heavy door, and so found ourselves in a narrow chamber,

that had been driven over it the day before.

"I took a careful measurement of those footprints. They might, of course, belong to some private investigator; but they gave me an idea. Could some man have walked across the lawn in Ford's boots, changed them to his own on the top of the wall, and so departed? Was it the desire of some one to let it be supposed that Ford had run away?"

"When I examined Ford's private

rooms I was even more fortunate. From the bootboy I discovered that the master had three pairs of shooting-boots. There were three pairs in the stand. Some one had made a very serious mistake. Instead of hiding the pair he had used on the lawn, he had returned them to their place.

The trick was becoming evident. But where was Ford? In the house or grounds, dead or alive, but where?

"I was able, through my friend the bootboy, to examine the boots on the night of our arrival. My measurements corresponded with those that Jackson, the valet, wore. Was he acting for himself, or was Harbord, or even Ransom, in the secret? That, too, it was necessary to discover before I showed my hand."

"Your story of Harbord's midnight excursion supplied a clue. The secretary had evidently followed some man who had disappeared mysteriously. Could there be the entrance to a secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"Your story of Harbord's midnight excursion supplied a clue. The secretary had evidently followed some man who had disappeared mysteriously. Could there be the entrance to a secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.

"He told me that he had discovered an old hiding-place—'priest's hole' he called it, and I walked into the secret chamber in that corridor? That

would explain the mystification of

the master."

"But how did you get down here?" struck in the manager.